

# Beyoncé, AMERIICAN REQUIEM

Nothin' really ends  
For things to stay the same they have to change again  
Hello, my old friend  
You change your name but not the ways you play pretend  
American Requiem  
The big ideas (Yeah), are buried here (Yeah)  
Amen

It's a lot of talkin' goin' on  
While I sing my song  
Can you hear me?  
I said, "Do you hear me?"

Looker there, looker there, now  
Looker there, looker there  
Looker-looker, looker there, looker there  
Looker-looker, looker there, looker there  
Looker-looker, looker there, looker there (Oh, yeah)  
Looker-looker, looker there, looker there

It's a lot of chatter in here  
But let me make myself clear (Oh)  
Can you hear me? (Huh)  
Or, do you fear me? (Wow)

Can we stand for something?  
Now is the time to face the wind (Ow)  
Coming in peace and love, y'all  
Oh, a lot of takin' up space  
Salty tears beyond my gaze  
Can you stand me?  
(Can you stand me? Can you stand me? Can you stand me?)  
Ooh, ah  
And we'll stand  
(Can you stand me? Can you stand me? Can you stand me?)  
Can you stand me? Can you stand me? Can you stand me?)  
Can you stand with me?

Can we stand for something?  
Now is the time to face the wind  
Now ain't the time to pretend  
Now is the time to let love in

Thinkin' to myself (Thinkin' to myself)  
It's a lot of talkin' goin' on (Oh)  
While I sing my song (Yeah)  
Do you hear me when I say?  
Do you hear me when I say? Ah

Looker there, looker there  
Looker, look  
Looker-looker-looker-looker-looker  
Looker-looker there, looker there  
L-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-looker there  
Oh, looker there, looker there  
Looker there, looker there  
(Can you stand me? Can you stand me? Can you stand me?)  
L-L-L-L-L-L-L-L-L-L-L  
(Can you stand me? Can you stand me? Can you stand me?)

Can we stand for something?  
Now is the time to face the wind (Now is the time to face the wind)  
Now ain't the time to pretend  
Now is the time to let love in (To let love in)

Together, can we stand?

Looker there, liquor in my hand  
The grandbaby of a moonshine man  
Gadsden, Alabama  
Got folks down in Galveston, rooted in Louisiana  
They used to say I spoke "too country"  
Then the Rejection Kings said I wasn't "country 'nough"  
Said I wouldn't saddle up, but  
If that ain't country, tell me, what is?  
Tread my bare feet on solid ground for years  
They don't, don't know how hard I had to fight for this  
When I sing my song

(When I sing my song, oh, they go ham)  
(When the angels come and take my hand)  
(Oh, no)  
Goodbye to what has been  
Pretty house that we never settled in  
A funeral for fair-weather friends  
I am the one to cleanse me of my father's sins  
American Requiem  
Them big ideas (Yeah), are buried here (Yeah)  
Amen